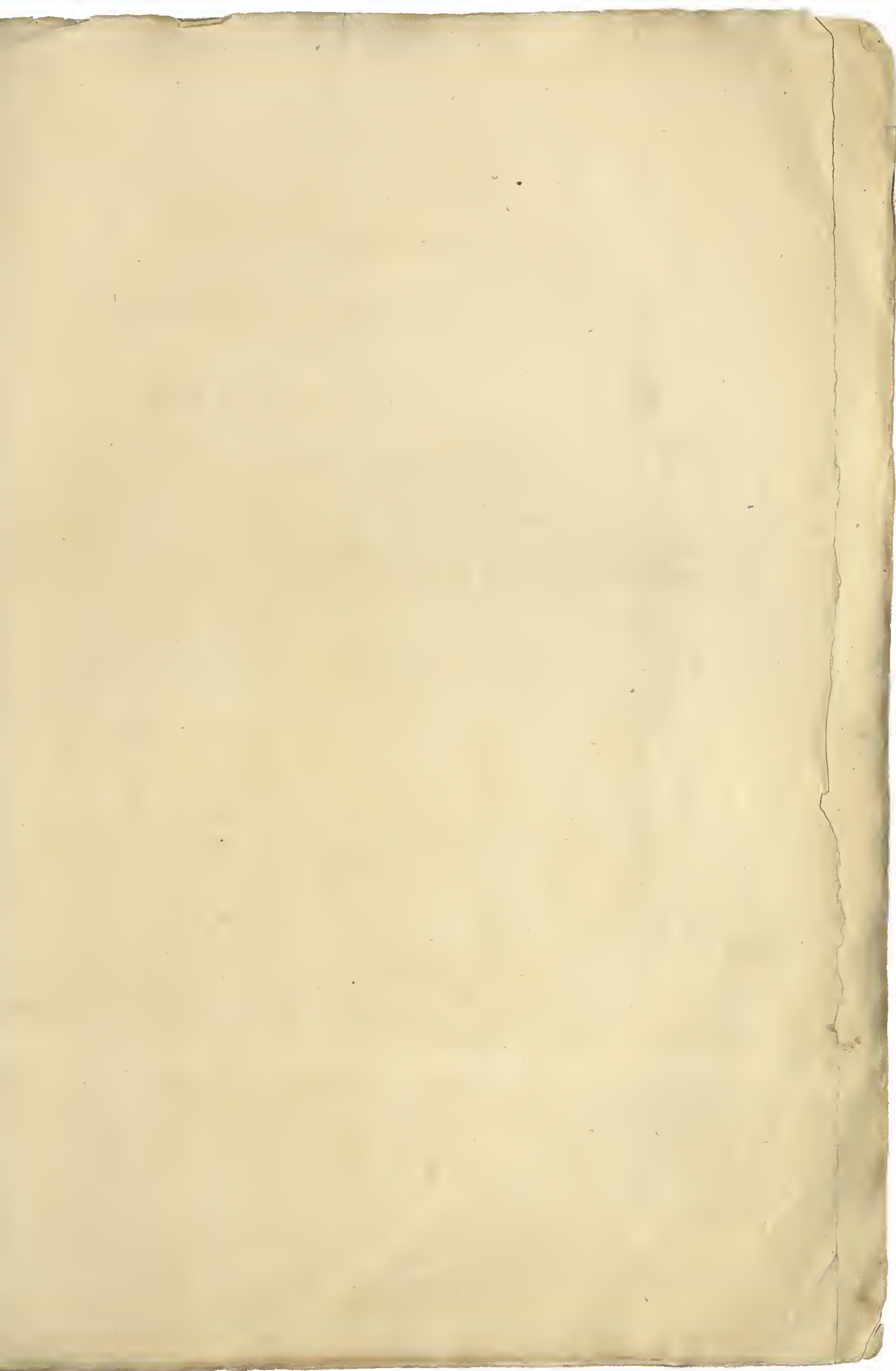




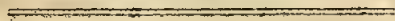
THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.



Our bugles sung truce; for the night-cloud had low'r'd,
The centinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpow'r'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
Reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fire that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night, a vision I saw;
And twice ere the cock-crow I dreamt it again.

Mcthought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till autumn and sunshine arose on the way,
To the house of my friends, who welcom'd me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields, travers'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends ne'er to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
My wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.
"Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!"
(And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;)
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
The voice in my dreaming ear melted away!



The Soldier's Dream

11

Air Capt. O' Kain.

Andantino

(C. Pedal Fixed)

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stars set their watch in the sky; And thousands had sunk on the ground o-ver-pow'r'd, The

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